

Address of  
Hon. HENRY CABOT LODGE

Delivered at Greenfield, June 9, 1903

On the 150th Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town

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“Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,  
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive,  
That was the year when Lisbon town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown,  
It was on the terrible earth-quake day  
That the Deacon finished his one-hoss shay.”

It was a busy time just then at the very middle of the Eighteenth Century. And two years before this *Annus Mirabilis* described by Dr. Holmes, two years before the Deacon finished his master-piece, or Lisbon was ruined, or a British Army was destroyed by French and Indians because it would not heed the advice of George Washington, in 1753, on the eve of a war which was to convulse Europe, decide the fate of India and give North America finally to the English speaking people, certain loyal subjects of George II on this spot established a new town government. The homes and the people had been here from a much earlier time. But now the moment had come when the village of the Green River felt that it should be independent. The consent of Deerfield had been obtained, the State had assented and thereupon Greenfield became a town and entered on her separate life. It was neither an unusual nor an extraordinary occurrence—this birth

of a new town achieved in the orderly, quiet way characteristic of New England. Among the great events then crowding and crushing together to settle the destiny of nations and make up the world's history, it passed quite unnoticed except by those engaged in the undertaking. Yet we meet here to-day to celebrate the foundation of that town and it is just and right to do so for it was a deed wholly worthy of commemoration. I do not mean by this the mere act of organizing a town government, for that was simple enough. That which is and ought to be memorable to us is that men and women at this place had so far conquered the wilderness that they were able to form a town and that ever since they have been able to carry on their town government in peace, order, prosperity and honor. It is neither the place nor the time that we would celebrate, but the men and their work of which the place and time are but the symbol and expression.

*“ὡς οὐδεν ὄντε πύργος ὄντε ναῦς.*

*“ἔρημος ἀνδρῶν μὴ ξυνοικούντων ἔσω.”*

“Neither citadel nor ship is of any worth without the men dwelling in them.”

What we commemorate are these men and their deeds and their founding a town was a good piece of honest work which represented much. It has abundant meaning if rightly understood and we may well pause to consider it. The work was begun by breaking into the wilderness and in solitude and hardship subduing the untouched earth to the uses of man. It was continued for half a century under the stress of savage and desolating war. Then it was crowned with success and permanency.

It is not for me to trace in detail that story of adventure and persistent toil, of courage and of hope. That has been done already and will be done again still more amply by those who live here and who have given to the annals of this region the study they deserve. Tempting as all this is, it lies beyond the narrow scope of an address. All I can hope for is to bring

*b. a. Flagg*

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before you quite imperfectly, rather disconnectedly, I fear, two or three facts which have risen up to me charged with a somewhat deep significance as I have reflected upon the history of this Connecticut Valley and of this town of Greenfield. It is not the hundred and fifty years which has struck me as at all important. Periods of time are all comparative. A century and a half constitutes a remarkable age in America. It is youth in England and in Western Europe. But the oldest town of England is modern compared to Rome; Rome is of yesterday when put by the side of Egypt, and the Roman law which runs far beyond our Christian era is a new invention when placed beside the six thousand year old code of the Babylonian King Humarabbi. On the other hand, time cannot be computed for us by the calendar alone. The Aruwimi dwarfs of the African forests were noted by Herodotus and then again by Stanley after a little interval of some three thousand years. If it had been three hundred or thirty thousand it would have been just as important, for nothing had happened. As they were when Herodotus mentioned them so they still were when Stanley stumbled upon them in the tropical forest.

“ Better fifty years of Europe  
Than a cycle of Cathay.”

It is the rate at which men live which must be counted as well as the calendar when we reckon time. The years of the French Revolution covered a wider space in life and experience and meaning than the entire century which preceded them. The American people lived more and lived longer between 1861 and 1865 than in all the years which had passed since Yorktown. So our century and a half of town existence looks very short when we put it side by side with the long procession of the recorded years fading away into a remote distance in the valleys of the Tiber and the Nile. Yet for all that it is not brief. Properly regarded it is a very long time for it is with nations even as with men :

“One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.”

The last one hundred and fifty years have witnessed political and economic changes more rapid and more profound than five previous centuries could show. The same period has seen a revolution in the affairs of the world and in the relations of men, due to the annihilation of time and the reduction of space by electricity and steam, which separates us further in certain ways of life from the men who fought at Waterloo than from those who died at Thermopylæ and in all the history of this wonderful time there is no chapter more wonderful than that which we ourselves have written.

Let us look at it once more as it comes out here in the history of this town. Where we stand was once a frontier, not a mere boundary line between one state or one country and another, but a true frontier, the far-flung line of advance against the savage and the wilderness. I have often thought that a book which told the story of the American frontier would be of intense interest. As one thinks of it in what seems to me the true fashion, one comes to personify it, to feel as if it were a sentient being, struggling forward through darkness and light, through peace and war, planting itself in a new spot, clinging there desperately until its hold is firm and then plunging forward again into the dim unknown to live over the old conflict. Frontiers such as ours have been do not go slowly forward building one house next another in the manner of a growing city. The Puritan Englishmen of Massachusetts Bay had scarcely fastened their grip upon the rugged shore where they had landed before Pyncheon had pushed out from the coast and established his outpost on the Connecticut. From Springfield the little settlements spread slowly up and down the river and thus the new frontier was formed. The older plantations along the coast were then no longer outposts and the space between them and the western line lay ready to be filled in. Gradually the villages planted themselves and

crept northward up the river subduing the wilderness and reaping the harvest of the rich valley. They were just beginning here when the red man came to the aid of the yielding forest and the savage war known by the name of Philip broke upon them and went raging and burning, hither and thither along the river, thrusting itself down between the towns to the eastward and into the very heart of the coast settlements. Many were the fights close by here, most conspicuous the bloody defeat at the Brook and the shining victory at the Falls, which still bear the victor's name. For weary months and years the war blazed red and wild, then it began to flicker, flaring up only to sink down again into smoldering embers until it finally died away leaving ashes and desolation as its monuments.

Again the pioneers worked their way up the river, again the houses rose and the meadows smiled and the forest was cleared. This time the settlers took a firmer grip. Grants of land were made here, mills built and Deerfield sent her representative to Boston to sustain the cause of William against James. But William of Orange had more serious enemies than his poor, confused father-in-law. Louis XIV made war upon him and again the storm of savage invasion broke on the New England frontier, guided now by the intelligence of France. Much fighting and burning ensued, but the settlers held on or came back after the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. Then a brief lull, then a disputed Spanish throne, once more France and England fought and again the French and Indians poured down upon the valleys and hillsides of New England. Here the worst blow fell. Deerfield was almost swept from the map already so deeply scarred. It was such a long war too. It went on for some ten years after the sack of Deerfield. Men's hearts began to fail. They were ready almost to think that this was an accursed spot, dogged by misfortune and haunted by slaughter and pillage. But the stout hearts did not fail entirely. The men made their way back again after all. They held on to this beautiful valley

and over the ruined homesteads they finally planted themselves more conclusively than ever. War was not over by any means. There was peace in Europe, but the Jesuit missionaries had not made peace and Father Rasle's War, as it was called, led to sharp and bloody fighting in New England, chiefly to the eastward, but with enough of ambush and murder and sudden death in these valleys to make the people realize the hard tenure by which they held their lands. When the war of the Austrian succession came, Deerfield was still on the edge, but the fighting frontier had moved forward and the little hill towns, each with its fort, formed a line of out-works. Before the "old French war" as we have been wont to call it, broke out ten years later, Greenfield had been born and the line of frontier swung to the north and ceased to be a frontier when Canada passed into English hands. Now, too, it stretched away westward until it joined that other advance guard of settlements which had crept up the Hudson and then turned to the west along the Mohawk. The frontier days of the Connecticut valley were over and it had taken half a century to do it. Children had been born and had grown to be elderly men and women who had known nothing but more or less constant war. They had passed their lives in fighting to hold their own here among their peaceful hills facing the wilderness, listening nightly for the war whoop and watching daily for signs of a lurking foe. What a splendid story it is and have we not the right to be proud of the men who made it possible?

But the unresting frontier sprang forward, much lengthened now and running north and south along the Alleghanies when the Revolution began. Then George Rogers Clarke carried the country's boundary to the Mississippi and after peace came, the frontier moved slowly and painfully after it across the "Dark and Bloody Ground," along the Great Lakes at the north and the Gulf at the south. Then there was a pause while all that vast region was taken into possession and then

the frontier leaped onwards again in the southwest and pushed the boundary before it far down to the Rio Grande. Another pause while the settlements slowly shot out beyond the Mississippi and then came the war with Mexico, the Pacific coast was ours and a second frontier began to move eastward toward that which had been travelling westward for more than two hundred years. In our time we have seen them meet. It is only a few years ago and the meeting was hardly noticed. Men scarcely realized that there had ceased to be a frontier in the United States, that there was no longer a line where the hardy pioneers stood face to face with an untamed wilderness, ever pressing forward against it. Indian wars had ended, the red man was finally submerged by the all-embracing tide of the white civilization. Those wars had lasted for more than two hundred and fifty years, they sank into a final peace and silence and the hurrying American world did not stop to note it. But history will note it well and ponder upon it, for it marked the ending of a long struggle and the beginning of a new epoch. The American frontier had ceased to be, the conquest of the continent was complete, the work which the men of Greenfield and Deerfield had carried on for fifty hard fighting years was finished at last far out upon the western plains. If you would know what that fact meant ask yourself how it is that American enterprise in the last six years, leaping over our own borders, has forced its way into every market of the globe and why the flag floats now from Porto Rico to Manila?

This making and moving of a frontier has been a mighty work and that part of it which was done here during fifty years of conflict, remote, unheard of in the great world of the eighteenth century, seems to me both fine and heroic. There was no dazzling glory to be won, no vast wealth to be suddenly gained from mines or wrested from the hands of feeble natives. The only tangible reward was at the utmost a modest farm. But there was a grim determination not to yield, a quite set-

tled intention to conquer fate, visible still to us among those men, silent for the most part, but well worth serious contemplation in these days when success is chiefly reckoned in money value.

Consider, too, how this work of these old pioneers wrought out here in this distant corner as it then was of the British Empire, formed, as all labor worth the doing must form, part of the work of the race and of the world. See how it touched and responded to the events of the world as the pulse beats with the heart and how these men, consciously or unconsciously, it matters not, lived the life of their time which to all men who are real must be the supreme test. Just before Parsons built his mill here England was deciding whether James Stuart or William of Orange should rule over her; whether she would continue free or sink back to an autocratic monarchy, and Deerfield, not knowing how the issue might turn, sent her man across the forests to Boston and cast in her lot with the Dutch Prince. Louis XIV and William of Orange grappled on the plains of Flanders and at once the war whoop of the savage and the crack of the English musket broke the stillness of these valleys. Such free, representative government as then existed rested solely in the keeping of the English speaking people. France represented despotism and the power of France was its bulwark. The struggle broke out again under Anne, nominally over the Spanish succession, really to determine whether France should dominate Europe and America. For this cause of English freedom Malborough won Blenheim, Deerfield went up in flames and Massachusetts farmers fell dead by their plows or hunted their French and Indian foes through the forests of New England.

The struggle between France and England did not end, however, with the Peace of Utrecht. France was checked and beaten but not crushed and the century was little more than forty years old when the long standing conflict was renewed. Again the frontiersmen fought and this time New

England took Louisburg, the one serious triumph of an ill-conducted war. And during all this time, in peace and war alike, the people of New York and New England slowly pushing forward, slowly gathering strength, were determining who should be the masters of America. The final decision could not be long postponed and it came to the last arbitrament in 1756. It was a great war, that "war of seven years" as it was called. It settled many questions of mighty import; that Frederick the Great of Prussia should not be crushed but should rise in victory over Bourbon and Hapsburg and Romanoff; that India should become a possession of Great Britain and India's millions her subjects, as well as sundry other matters of less meaning to us to-day. But it also determined finally that North America should belong to the English-speaking people and not to France, something more momentous to the world's future, politically and economically, than any other event of that time.

Pitt said that he "conquered America on the plains of Germany." It is true enough that the death struggle then in progress between the English and North German people on the one side and the Bourbon and Hapsburg monarchies on the other had to be sustained in every quarter of the globe. But the effort to gain sole dominion in North America for the English-speaking people would have been utterly vain if it had not been for the labors of that same people in America itself. The English colonies in America founded and built up slowly and painfully by men whose existence England at times almost forgot, were the efficient cause of the overthrow of France in the New World.

"The Lilies withered where the Lion trod;"

but the Lion would never have reached the Lilies if his path had not been cleared for him by the stubborn fighters of the American colonies clinging grimly to the soil they had won and ever pressing forward the restless frontier behind which towns gathered to mark the progress of the march.

So the half century of conflict ended. Another George was on the throne, the northern danger had passed away and men began to consider their relations with the mother country. We know well what followed. Ignorance and arrogance in London bred resistance in America until at last revolution was afoot and the American people determined to make a new nation in the new world. The movement now was toward independence and democratic government. In the latter direction all the western world was soon to take part, but the first step was ours. As in the earlier days when the question was whether English freedom should prevail over Bourbon monarchies, so now Greenfield lived the life of the time. She sent her men to Boston to join Washington's army. She responded vigorously to the call that came later over the mountains to go forth and help to compass the destruction of Burgoyne. And from the days of revolution onwards, so it has always been. You have always lived the life of your time. You have stood the supreme test. You helped to make the State. You sustained the Constitution upon which the nation was founded. From these valleys in generation after generation men and women have gone forth to carry forward the frontier and subdue the continent even as your ancestors did over two hundred years ago. When the hour of stress and peril came you have not failed. When the life of the nation was at stake your sons went forth and fought for four years to save the Union. In the war of five years ago soldiers from this town were at the front in Cuba and the last sacrifice of young life was offered up at El Caney for flag and country. You have a right to be proud of your record, for you have done your share to the full and no one can do more. You have never sunk back in ignoble ease and held aloof from your fellows. In the advance columns of the nation you have always marched. The stern cry of "Forward" has never fallen here upon deaf ears or been disobeyed by faint hearts.

Yet there are some persons, native alas, and to the manner

born, who can see nothing of interest, nothing picturesque, nothing romantic in this history of the United States, one little fragment of which I have tried faintly to outline. Such beings, steadily declining in numbers in these later years, always remind me of the tendrils which a vine sometimes thrusts through the crevices of a house wall into some cellar or unused chamber. They grow there in the twilight very fast, quite perfect too in form for they are in shelter there where the winds do not beat upon them nor the sun scorch nor insects gnaw them. But they are pale things, white of leaf and shoot, when they should be dark and green. And then winter comes and the vine sleeps and when it awakes in the spring the hard brown trunk and branches which have been twisted and whipped in the storms and faced cold and heat and sunshine and cloud, fill with sap and burgeon with leaves and rich young life, but the tendrils which have crept into the sheltered dimness of the cellar are withered and dead and bloom no more.

So the pallid souls who can see nothing, read no meaning in all this history of the United States have dwelt so long in the twilight of the past, in the shelter of foreign lands far from the rude, vigorous, exuberant life of this new world of ours that they have grown feeble of sight and extinct of feeling. They must have ruins and castles and walled towns and all the heaped up riches of the centuries about them before they can believe that there is any history worth the telling. He would indeed be dull of soul who could walk unmoved of spirit among the tombs of Westminster or gaze indifferently upon the cathedral of Amiens or look out unstirred over the Roman Forum or behold from the Sicilian shore without a quickening of the pulse, the crags which Polyphemus hurled after Ulysses. Man's work on earth is of profoundest interest to man and where his monuments are gathered thickest memories cluster most and we seem nearest to those who have gone before. But those who think that this is all mis-

take the vesture for reality. They are still believers in the doctrine of clothes explained once by Thomas Carlyle in a manner which it would profit them to read. Like Lear they would do well to tear off "these lendings," come to the naked facts and find the soul which inhabits them.

There is something older than walled towns and castles and ruins and that is the history of the race who built them. It is well to give the plays of Shakespeare all the splendors of mounting and costume and scenery which the resources of the modern theatre can bestow, but these things are not Shakespeare. The immortal poetry, the greatest genius among men were all there on the bare platform of the "Globe" playhouse when a sign alone told the audience what the scene of action was. The background is important, very pleasurable too, but the drama of humanity is what gives it value and the scenery is secondary to the actors and the play. The trappings and the clothes of history count for much no doubt in Europe or Asia or Egypt chiefly for what they tell us of those who made them, but man himself and of our own race is and has been here too for some three hundred years just as in those older lands. Come out of the twilight then into the noonday and look at him and his deeds. Here we have seen in our history men engaged in that which was the very first battle of humanity against the primeval forces of nature before there was any history except what can be read in a few chipped flints. Here in this America of ours in the last three centuries we have had waged the bitter struggle of the race against the earth gods and the demons of air and forest, but it has been carried on by civilized men, not skin-clad savages, upon a scale never known before and which, in our little globe now all mapped and navigated, will never be seen again. Our three centuries have watched the living tide roll on, pushing the savage who had wasted his inheritance before it, and sweeping off to one side or the other rival races which strove with it for mastery. Here has been effected the conquest of

a continent, its submission to the uses of man and there is no greater achievement possible than this with all its manifold meanings. Here the years have seen a new nation founded, built up and then welded together in the greatest war of the last century at a vast sacrifice dictated only by faith in country and by the grand refusal to dissolve into jarring atoms. To me I declare there is here an epic of human life and a drama of human action larger in its proportions than any which have gone before. To those who can discern only crude civilization, unkempt, unfinished cities, little towns on the border, unbeautiful in hasty and perishable houses, rawness and roughness and a lack of the refinements of more ancient seats of the race, I say, you are still under the dominion of the religion of clothes. You hear only the noise of the streets and you are deaf to the mighty harmonies which sound across the ages.

There is a majestic sweep to the events which have befallen in this Western Hemisphere since the founding of Jamestown and Plymouth which it is hard to rival in any movement of mankind. And it is all compact of those personal incidents which stir the heart and touch the imagination more than the march of the race because we are each one of us nearer to the man than to the multitude. These are the events which in the mass make up human history and wherever human history has been made we find them, whether on the windy plains of Troy or in an American forest. No need to go beyond this valley to show my meaning. The little group in Queen Anne's War holding the Stebbins house in smoke and flame against overwhelming odds, the women and children in Mr. Williams's home murdered shrieking in the darkness are as tragic in their way as Ugolino in the Tower of Famine but they have had no Dante to tell their tale. The farmer slain at his plow, the stealthy scouting through the dusky woods, the captives dragged over ice and snow to Canada are as full of deep human interest as the English adventurer or the Ital-

ian Condottiere or the German Lanzknecht who sold their swords to the highest bidder in Italy four hundred years ago. They deserve interest far more too and were doing work in world conquest which counted in the final reckoning and was not merely a noisy brawl, dying into eternal silence when the tavern closed. Travel two thousand miles from here to the far Southwest and look at the last fight of David Crockett. Is there anything finer in the history of brave men than that death grip at the Alamo? The great scout wore a buckskin shirt; it was all less than seventy years ago, but strip the clothes and man for man how does he differ from Leonidas? Remember too, as has been said, that Thermopylæ had her messengers of death and the Alamo had none. The spot where human valor has reached to the highest point attainable is as sacred in Texas as in Greece. It is full and brimming over that history of ours with the labors and toils, the sorrows and victories of human beings like ourselves; with comedy and tragedy, with pathos and humor and poetry. All that is needed is the seeing eye instead of a vision grown dim in a region of half-lights. Byron looked at it and the drama of the frontier and the men it bred rose clear before him. In noble verse he has embodied that march of the race against untamed Nature in the figure of Daniel Boone fighting the savages, fighting the forest, hunting the wild animals in their lair until the reserves of the army had crossed the Alleghanies and come up to his support. And then the old man feels choked and smothered by the civilization and the settlements for which he has cleared the way and fought the battles and he passes on, a grim grey figure, and crosses the great river and goes again into the wilderness where he can be alone under the sky and watch the stars and hear the wind upon the heath untroubled by the sound of human voices.

It is a far cry from the English peer to the American carpenter but both could see the realities below the surface and

Whitman, poet and prophet, felt in his soul the poetry of the great democracy. He saw it in the crowds of New York, in the common affairs of life, in the great movement over the continent, in the pioneers who led the advance and in strange forms he gave it to the world first to wonder at and then dimly to understand. Emerson, a greater man than either of these, read the meaning of this great new world and gave it forth in a message which dwells forever in the hearts of all who have paused to listen to his teachings. Hawthorne and Holmes, Whittier and Lowell and Longfellow all in their degree heard the voices of the land and of its people and touched their highest notes when inspired by them.

They are all there, the epic and the drama and the lyric. They are all there in the great movement with its wide sweep passing on relentless like the forces of nature. You will find every one of them if you come nearer, in the small community, in the family, in the individual man instinct with all the passions, all the aspirations, all the fears of the human heart, new with the freshness of eternal youth and ancient as the first coming of man upon earth. And if the scenery and the trappings, the clothes, the titles, and the contrasts of condition are lacking, there is this compensation that this story is all alive. It leads us to the very portals of the present and the imagination looking thence can dispense with an outworn past when it can range over the future which belongs in ever increasing measure to the new world.

To this hour, then, we have come. We have travelled far in thought and we have been gazing backward over the road by which we have passed. Let us turn our eyes for a moment upon the present which is our own, which lies all about us and peer thence into the future which stretches before us limitless and unknown. We have toiled hard in our three hundred years. What have the generations accomplished? Very great results no one can doubt. By such work as has been done here in this valley we have made a great nation, no

greater now extant as it seems to me, and yet we are only beginning to run our course. We are still young and unbreathed, with mighty strength and muscles trained and unexhausted. We have amassed riches beyond the dreams of avarice and our resources are neither wasted nor decayed. We have shared in the revolution of steam and electricity and harnessed them to our purposes as no other people have done. We have also in these and other ways quickened life and living to an enormous degree. Our vast industrial and economic machinery is pushing forward with an accelerating speed at a rate which should inspire us with caution as it already inspires other nations with alarm. All the instrumentalities of learning, of art, of pleasure are growing with an unexampled rapidity. We have contributed to literature, we have done great work in science, we have excelled in invention, we have bettered vastly the condition of life to all men. There is to-day no more portentous fact in this world of ours than the United States. A great country, a great people; courage, energy, ability, force, all abundant, inexhaustible; power, riches, success; glory to spare both in war and peace; patriotism at home; respect abroad. Such is the present. Such are the results of the century and a half we commemorate here to-day.

But this is not all. We should be undeserving of our past, reckless of our future if we did not fully realize that we are human, that we have our perils and our trials, and that success can be kept only as it has been earned by courage, wisdom and a truthful mind, which looks facts in the face and scorns all shams and delusions. We have met and solved great problems. We have other problems ever rising with the recurrent years, which like those that have gone before will not settle themselves but must in their turn be met and brought to a solution. Our problems are our own. They grow out of the conditions of the time as those of our fathers did in the earlier days. From without there is nothing we need fear.

“Come the three corners of the world in arms and we shall shock them.” Nor does cause for serious anxiety arise from the ordinary questions of domestic management. Tariffs and currencies, the development of the country, the opening of waterways, the organization of defense and of administration can all be dealt with successfully. The government of our great cities, the problem of the negro, the question of regulating and assimilating our enormous immigration are in the highest degree grave issues of great pith and moment which have a large bearing upon our future weal or woe. But I think they can all be met, that they all will be met with patient effort and with a due measure of success. None of them touches the foundations of society or the sources of national life unless they should be neglected or mishandled to a degree inconceivable with a people so intelligent and so energetic as our own.

But there are certain questions looming up, the outgrowth of conditions common to the whole world of western civilization and arising from the vast expansion and phenomenal acceleration of the industrial and economic forces of the age. They touch us particularly because we are expanding and quickening our economic movement more largely and more rapidly than any other people. We have, in other words, a higher energy of organization and production than any other nation. For this reason we are driving less highly organized and less energetic peoples to the wall. Whether the opposition thus aroused can be stilled or whether it will become desperate and manifest itself in a political or military manner no one can say. It behooves us, however, to watch carefully and be always on our guard both in our conduct and in our readiness. Yet there are other conditions which modern forces produce even graver than this. The dangers threaten from sources widely different, even absolutely opposed and yet reacting upon each other. The new conditions, while they have raised greatly the well-being of the community and of the average man, have also caused an accumulation of fortunes and a con-

centration of capital the like of which has never been seen before. Here lies one peril—that of irresponsible wealth. Wealth which recognizes its duties and obligations is in its wise and generous uses a source of great good to the community. But wealth, which, if inactive, neglects the duty it owes to the community, is deaf to the cry of suffering, seeks not to remedy ignorance and turns its back upon charity or which, if actively employed, aims to disregard the law, to prevent its enforcement or by purchase to control legislation, is irresponsible and therefore dangerous to itself and to others. The tyranny of mere money in society, in politics, in business or in any of the manifold forms of human activity is the coarsest and most vulgar tyranny, as worship of mere money is the most degraded worship that mankind has ever known. Over against this danger lies the peril of the demagogue, of the men who would seek to create classes and then set one class against another, the deadliest enemies to our liberty and our democracy that the wit of man could imagine. Under the guise of helping to better the common lot they preach a gospel of envy and hatred. They ask men to embark on changes which may possibly relieve them from the pain of seeing anyone more fortunate and successful than themselves but which will not improve but will probably lower and injure their own condition. They proclaim panaceas, social and political, which are as old as man's oldest attempts at government and which have an ancient record of dismal failure. They ask us to come to a beautiful country of hills and woods and meadows, rich and fertile, with river and brook sparkling in the sunlight. They point to the promised land lying far away and dimly discerned upon the horizon. If you follow them the vision fades. It was but a mirage and you find yourself indeed upon a level plain but the plain is a desert, arid and desolate, where hope and ambition lie dead and the bones of those who have gone before bleach upon the sands.

I am no pessimist. I am an optimist and I have a bound-

less faith in my country and her people. But he would be a poor sailor who did not watch out for the reef on one side and the shoal upon the other because his ship was leaping forward with every sail straining before the favoring breeze. So it is our duty that we all, each in his due proportion, seek to carry this great nation forward upon the voyage of life. We have weathered many storms and we fear them not. But let us not forget that however conditions change, the great underlying qualities which make and save men and nations do not alter.

I look back upon the event which we commemorate to-day. In the great book of the world's history it is but a line. Yet I find there the principles which alone I believe will enable us to strive and conquer as in the olden times. First I see a great solidarity of interest. Those men were foes to anarchy, most hateful of all things in human history. They fought shoulder to shoulder, united in purpose and determined that where they dwelt order should reign and not chaos. They met here one hundred and fifty years ago and did three very memorable things. They organized a town; they established a church; they opened a school. The simple, everyday, instinctive acts of an American community, you say. Yes truly, but it is because these have been hitherto the simple everyday acts of the American people that America is what she is to-day. These men of Greenfield a century and a half ago recognized three great facts, religion, education, ordered government. They recognized that they stood here upon the "bank and shoal of time" for one brief moment between two eternities. They declared in their simple fashion that the man or nation who did not recognize that there was something spiritual in them higher than all earthly and material things would surely pass down into ruin and darkness and that here pretenses were worse than nothing and could never serve. They recognized ignorance as an enemy and using to the utmost such modest means as they had they pro-

posed that so far as in them lay it should not be endured among them. Lastly they recognized the vital need of order and government and they set up the town meeting, the purest democracy this modern world has seen or can yet see in actual operation among men. In that town government they embodied as the great central principle, the largest individual liberty compatible with the rights of all. They built their town on the doctrine that all men must work and bear each one his share of the common burden, that the fullest scope must then be given to each man and that each man thus endowed with opportunity must make his own fight and win his own way and that no one else could or ought to do it for him. It was the stern doctrine of a strong race, but on that doctrine the United States have risen to be what they are to-day. The rights and the good order of the community are in the charge of the government and the government must guard and protect them. But beyond that each man's fortune rests in his own hands and he must make it good. It will be a sorry day for this republic when the vital principle of the town meeting which has been thus far the vital principle of the American people is disregarded or set aside.

As we look back into the past it is well to bear these lessons in mind, for otherwise we are false to its teachings. In the problems and difficulties which gather around us, in the future which stretches before us—a great and splendid future as I believe—we cannot go far wrong if we cling to the faith of the men who founded this town a century and a half ago. They built it on religion, on free government and on the largest liberty possible to the individual man. They sought no ready-made schemes to solve in a moment all difficulties and cure all evils. Slowly and painfully they had fastened themselves and their homes in this valley and they knew that only slowly, by much hard work and never by idleness and short cuts could they make the condition of the community and of all its members steadily and permanently better. They sought

always to level up, never to level down. They looked facts in the face and did the duty nearest to their hands with all their strength. They were diligent in business and prospered as they deserved. But they did not forget that intelligence and character were of more value than wealth in the long process of the years. They felt, dimly perhaps, but none the less earnestly, that what they were, not what they had would count most when the final reckoning came. On the foundations they laid, the great structure of the United States has been reared. In the splendor of accomplishment let us not forget the beliefs and the principles of those who placed the corner stone.





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